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PROVOST BALDWIN'S MONUMENT,

Stands in the Examination Hall of the College. A large Sarcophagus of black and gold marble supports a mattress of white marble, on which the Provost is represented in a reclining posture, larger than life, holding his will, by which he bequeathed £80,000 to the University; a female figure, emblematic of the University, leans over him in a mourning attitude; at his feet stands an angel, holding a wreath of palm, casting on him a look of benignity, and pointing to heaven; and immediately behind these figures rises a pyramid of variegated Egyptian porphyry. The whole is executed in a most masterly style by Mr. Hewetson, a native of Ireland, but resident at Rome, and cost the University upwards of £2,000. In the noble apartment where this monument stands his Majesty George IV. was entertained at a magnificent banquet, by the Provost and Fellows, August 27th, 1821; on which occasion a throne, with crimson velvet hangings, &c. was placed in the semi-circular recess. Here, also, a splendid entertainment was given to the principal members of the British Association, on the last day of their meetings.

THE SPÆWOMAN AND HER SON.

About eight years ago there stood on a high and savage headland in one of the broadest lakes of the upper Shannon, a rude cabin, built of that grey, water-worn stone so prevalent on the banks of that turbulent river, and piled up with such an almost unnecessary affectation of carelessness, that but for the more regular shape of the aper-

ture which formed the door, and the light, thin column of feathery smoke ascending from its summit, and breaking the continuous line of the polished and island studded horizon, it might be passed by the most accurate observer as a mere heap of granite; and so few marks had it of that adaptation for comfort which almost invariably follows mankind, that few on observing it would fail to mark it as the hiding-place of the murderer, or the theatre where most of those crimes were concocted which then rendered that part of the country, although adjacent to one of the strongest fortifications in Ireland, almost utterly uninhabitable. At the time at which this story commences, on a fine evening towards the end of August, this dubious tenement gave shelter to a band, whose appearance served little to belie the generally received character of the locality; and, if other marks of the illegality of the meeting were wanting, it might be well understood from the muddy colour of a small streamlet that forced its way beside the hovel, through rock and brushwood, and at tumbling from a slight elevation into the lake, ruffled with its yellow stream the waters before so clear and placid. This was enough to denote that it was now serving the purpose of a poteen manufactory—a trade seldom followed by any but the lowest and most degraded of the peasantry, and which, from the fellowship of secrecy and illegality to which it gives rise, not to say the animal excitement which it feeds, invariably produces among those who frequent it, combinations of a more serious character, involving the blackest crimes, and is

the end the severest punishments. And now, if the curiosity of any of my readers be vivid enough to overcome their fear, I will ask them to enter with me into this uninviting abode, and undergo the introduction to its equally uninviting inmates. Coiled at the foot of the walls, in all the uncouth varieties of repose of which the human figure could admit, lay about six individuals, whose red matted locks, unshorn and haggard jaws, and tattered, filthy habiliments, represented them at once as the very outcasts of society. In the centre of this wild group blazed a fire, the heat of which few but those possessed of lungs so well accustomed to it could bear; while a hag, in every respect similar to her associates, was on her feet attending to a large pot suspended over it from the roof, and to which the distilling apparatus (for such was their occupation) was attached.

"Why thin," said one of the reclining personages, raising his head from the red shadow in which it was enveloped, "I wondher how will the dhrop rate this year, Nansh; for, considering the danger, it ought to go high. Myself was hunted out o' three places this blessed month afore I could put what you see together."

"Why thin," responded the sybil, "the sorra one o' me knows, though I cum from the far ind o' Galway this saison, an' was at the makin' o' many a fine gallon to be sure; an' sign's on it, myself an' the boy earned the whole rowl of tobacco by id, for the dhrop we made always carried the name wid it far and near, my blessin' on the dacent boys that knew the differ. Bud maybe you'd be affther tastin' this now, an' see if it's to your liking, for I know myself it's near done;" and having taken a quantity of the fresh and steaming fluid from the vessel in which it was received, she handed it to her interlocutor, who appeared the capitalist of the gang, to which she, an itinerant of many trades, was the temporary distiller. The fellow had raised the cup to his lips, but, uttering a low exclamation of surprise, flung its contents untasted into the corner, and started into an attitude of eager attention, in which he was imitated by all his companions. There were evidently steps outside, and it seemed as if they were the cause of this sudden movement. Their consternation, however, was but of short continuance, as it was quickly terminated by the entrance of the intruder; who, on putting his head inside the aperture, was at once greeted by the old woman, by

"Why thin, you big bosthoon you, what made you lave the place, an' come stealin' about us this a way, freckning the whole of us?"

"Arrah, mother," rejoined the new comer, "where 'ud be the use o' my stayin' there all day watching for them that had no notion ov comin' next or near us. Pursuin' to me, but the cowl'd is through my bones; an' sure, I knew by this time yees ought to be near finished. Yees needn't be afeard, there's not a sinner barrin' ourselves within miles of the place."

This assurance seemed to restore their equanimity, and the intruder was invited to enter and join the meeting. He was a fine, tall, dark-haired young man, with a species of sinister good-humour marked on his countenance, which was, perhaps, not so much of natural growth, as imparted by the wandering manner in which he was reared; but as mother and son stood beside each other, they presented a more striking contrast than is usually exhibited between such near relations. The various tastings which the poteen underwent were not made by the parties concerned with utter impunity; and, accordingly, their bosoms began to wax open, and hints to be given, which would lead one to expect some more mischief in hand than the fiscal offence already perpetrated. These hints were becoming gradually less and less obscure; and at length the old woman began to think, perhaps, that who hears least of such talk will hear most good news, for, tapping her son on the shoulder, she rose to depart.

"Now, boys, machree," said she, addressing her late employers, "since ye likes how it's done, yees had better be givin' me the thirteen, an' lettin' me an' the gorsoon be affther goin', for it'll be late on us, I'm afeard, afore we can reach the red bog beyant, where there'll be some boys waitin' for me to-night."

"Arrah, whisht, Nansh," said one of them, "arn't you

well enough where you are? Why would you be turnin' your back on the stuff you made yourself?"

But Nansh would go. There was a gevarine, she said, at "Pether Delany's, an' the poor crathur had great reliance on her knowledge that way, an' she promised to be there." So she got her honorarium, and summoning her son to follow, quitted the hovel, and proceeded eastward through the wild moors, to the place she had mentioned as her destination for the evening.

The hag's departure seemed in no small degree to untie what little reserve remained among the party. Her son at length rose to follow her, but such a step was at once exclaimed against by the whole circle.

"Arrah, thin," said the most prominent personage, "is it lavin' us you'd be, affther hearin' all you did. Sit down, avick, now—sit down quietly, I bid you. Sure I know you'll come with us, an' share the pluckings, any how; an' then you'll be full time to take a short cut across the counthry, an' be with the collough long enough afore the mornin'."

"I'm tould he keeps lots o' goold about him always," said another—"purshuin' to me, Paddy, but it's you 'ud be throwin' away your good luck in airnest. Sure you can have Dermot Dhu's pike, avick; an' whin it's over you must get your share as well as another—why not?"

"Deed now," said Paddy, "I dunna what to do among you. Bedad, it's a great timplation to be sure; but yees didn't say who it is, at all at all, or where he lives."

"Och, only a couple o' miles down the Shannon, there is a place called Rocktown, lonely enough—one Mr. Lennon—he is a great gentleman in these parts."

"Lennon o' Rocktown! Oh, thin, sure it's not him?"

"Faix, thin, it is Paddy. What would you have to say agin it, avick?"

"Och, bedad thin, boys, I'll have nothin' to say to it here or there. He's a good man in the counthry—I dunna if that's the raison: bud, any how, one time the thing was spoke ov afore, my mother laid her curse on me, you see, iv ever I'd meddle wid him or his. So, boys dear, I'll have nothin' to do wid it."

A loud laugh of contempt followed this plea; and when at length it subsided, they demanded of him an explanation of those scruples.

"Sorra a word myself knows about it, barrin' what I tould ye," answered he. "She's not fond of talkin' about her young days, ye know yourselves; but I know she kem from this quarther, an' that's all I can tell in the wide world about one belongin' to me."

The communication thus made seemed to recal to the minds of the auditors the mystery in which the hag had succeeded in enveloping her past years, and the many and awful explanations given by the wondering peasantry of its cause, together with the thrilling interest which was ever excited by the few and vague expressions that even the strongest emotion could draw from her. Each had his story to tell on a subject rife with wonder, and for a while the purposed robbery was forgotten, until the instinctive pursuit of mischief was again excited in them by the copious draughts of poteen with which they accompanied their narrations. The business was again proposed—the objections of the young stranger, now but half reluctant, overruled by the ridicule with which they treated those feelings of awe which, but a moment before, had enthralled even *their* minds; and in a few moments all were in arms, and ready to proceed on the enterprise. Their first exertions were applied to secure the poteen, vessels, &c. among the rocks, so as to escape detection. Their precaution even went so far, as to remove all traces of the recent fire within the hovel, by scattering furze and other litter over the floor; and that done, the crib, which they had ready for escape in case of a surprise, was unmoored, and long before the sun had ceased to throw his golden rays on the bosom of the unruffled waters, their little skiff was gliding along the dazzling path, that, like many of the bright ways of the world, led to a dark and horrible goal. It was night, however, before they reached the point of land where they were to disembark; and hauling the light barque into a retired nook, they proceeded to the doomed habitation.

I must now change my scene to the snug sitting-room

of the mansion of Rocktown. The turf fire was burning bright and comfortable in the old-fashioned fire-place, round which was grouped a family party, enjoying all that cheerfulness and confidence which such an hour and such a spot inspires. In the arm-chair at one side sat the master of the residence. Poor old Lennon!—many a time I heard him keep a room-full of youngsters in good-humour from that very seat, and such, as well as I could learn, was then his occupation. He was the kindest landlord and the most charitable gentleman within many miles of himself; yet he had not only freed his estate from its many embarrassments, but also succeeded, according to report, in saving a large amount, without at all disparaging his rank. But to the story—the little people were playing hide-and-go-seek, under the direction of their kind-hearted old relative. One of them stole over to him, and whispered his intention of going down to the kitchen, and getting John the butler to hide him, and arranging with grandpapa to give the word at some appointed signal. The child departed, and the old man was engaged in keeping the remainder of his little playmates within bounds, and evading the many ingenious questions with which they endeavoured to obtain a hint as to the place where the absent one concealed himself, when a loud shriek from the direction of the kitchen stunned every one into silence. The light step of the child was heard rushing fearfully up stairs; and the door was scarce opened for his admission, when the tramp of many footsteps resounded from below. Rushing for protection into the arms of its mother, the child hysterically exclaimed—

“Mamma—ten—twenty—kitchen all full of them—with guns and swords—oh, mamma, save me—save me!”

The cause of his terror was at once understood. The old man made towards the parlour-door, and having secured it, a hurried consultation was held. The robbers were already at the landing-place, but instead of attempting an entry into the sitting-room, they rushed up the staircase in a body.

“They are going to plunder my desk—come, John, it’s worth protecting,” exclaimed old Lennon to his son; and opening another door, they both ran up a private stair-case leading, by a much shorter route, to the old man’s room. The robbers were already floundering up the other stairs, when both gentlemen, now well armed, stood between them and their prize, having reached the larger stairs by a door connecting it with the other. Shouting and clattering their arms so as to mislead their assailants as to their number, they sprung down a few steps to meet them. Blows were exchanged on both sides, but, owing to the darkness, without any effect, until one of the robbers, uttering a fearful shriek, fell into the arms of his companions. This put to flight all their courage; and dragging the corpse along with them, they all tumultuously fled by the route they had entered, leaving their companion on the threshold as soon as they discovered his life extinct, and no fears to be entertained from weakness, which might induce him in the last awful hour to betray his associates. It was the son of the strange old woman—her warning, for whatever reason it was given, had been disregarded, and her curse was now thus awfully consummated. Little sleep was taken that night by young or old in the house of Rocktown, with a corpse slain under such circumstances lying stiff in his blood on their kitchen table; and my readers may well guess that few subjects but this arrested the notice of that populous district for many days after the occurrence. The magistracy and entire judicial power of the country was directed to an investigation of the affair, and a coroner’s jury, of course, sat on the corpse. The explanation that was given by old Lennon went to say, that the foremost of the party on his meeting them on the stairs turned round to fly, and rushed unawares on the levelled pikes of his comrades, thus accounting for the fearful gash which disfigured his fine and well-proportioned chest, and was the manifest cause of his immediate death; while that given by the surgeon, who, according to custom, opened the body, completely negated it, and declared that the blow, from its direction, must have come from above. Traces of the utmost agony were apparent on the face of the elder Lennon at this evidence; his nervous

exertions to put away from him the credit of the act so universally counted laudable, could scarce be equalled, were he charged instead, with a foul, premeditated murder, until, with the earnestness of his asseverations, he fell back senseless into his chair; and the jury, puzzled between such contradictory statements, returned in the verdict their ignorance of what hand had struck the fatal blow. But the whispers of the peasantry gave a different explanation of the event, and charged the old man with the homicide, which they considered he was desirous to disclaim from the peculiarly harmless tenour of his life for the last twenty years. The body was committed to the earth in the jail-yard of the district, and the excitement was beginning to die away except in the house of Rocktown. The old man had been confined to his bed for some days, seriously disturbed in his mind, as was evinced by his fearful ravings; but at length a slight alteration for the better appeared in the distracted patient, sufficient to permit his attendants to remit their diligence. As soon as he perceived himself alone, he rose and dressed himself, and before any one was aware, he had silently glided towards a little gate-house, which stood at the entrance of the avenue. Scarcely had he reached that station when the squalid figure of the old hag, already introduced to the reader, emerged from an adjacent shrubbery, and stood before him.

“I was waiting for your honour this three days,” said she with a sarcastic expression of humility on her half maniac features, and ducking a mock curtesy to the old man; then, as if overcome by some fearful emotion, thundred out—

“The curse of the childless be on you, Lennon! where’s my son—eh? Och, och! you murdered him.”

“Ha!” exclaimed the old man, catching the door-post for support, “you are his mother—woman, woman, it wasn’t I—not I, woman!—not for his weight in gold would I have his blood on my old head!—now go away. Oh, dear, dear, what’s the use of ye all plaguing me—here—here,” said he, emptying his well-filled pockets at her feet—“gold—wealth—more than he could earn for you in his life-long—go away—now—go away—for pity’s sake.”

“An’ is id goold you’d be afther offerin’ me to buy my son’s blood. Stay, acushla, an’ hear me out. You wouldn’t for his weight in goold have his blood on your head? Arrah, wait till I tell you the reason why—maybe your honour doesn’t remember Nanny Grennan?”

“I do, I do—and a good girl she was, until I came in her way—heaven forgive me! But, woman, woman, what of her?”

“Why thin, Mr. Lennon, old, an’ ugly, an’ crazy, as I am, here stands Nanny Grennan afore your face.”

“Gracious Providence—and he—who was he?”

“He was your son, acushla,” said she, crouching on her haunches at the foot of the steps, and looking up with fiendish complacency into the face of the wretched man, who now made an effort to scream, but his emotion was too overwhelming for utterance. He clung convulsively to the pillar which before supported him. Speech at length returned, and half in whisper he continued—

“Fiend! wretch! you sent him here to work your spite.”

“No, but I did not though, Lennon. When your proud madam made you turn me and my poor baby out on the wide world, I had spite agin her—ay, an’ I have it now agin her bones in the grave—but none to you. I did not send him, but I laid my curse on him if he’d come next or nigh you. Whin ye dhruv me out I had to take with quare company often and often. Still I loved him, Lennon—it was the only taste of my ould way of life that was in me afther all my wandherings; an’ I kept him from harm as well as I could. But he took other people’s advice, an’ his doom is come out—wirra, wirra! the only thing that stood betune me and destruction. My heart’s growin’ soft whin I think of him, an’ where he is. I watched you in the plantation since the day you murdered him, waitin’ to see you, an’ curse you; but I can’t do id now, so heaven forgive the both of us;”—and with these words she turned away, and was soon hidden in the deep plantation from which she at first appeared.

While the hag was thus bringing to mind actions which

ne had almost forgotten, the old man stood with a rigid gaze rivetted on his tormentor. Every word struck like a red-hot arrow on his heart, and when she ceased, the horrible and hysteric laugh that burst from him, would have wakened pity even in her breast, had she waited to witness it. Rushing forward with an almost supernatural firmness, he turned into the adjacent garden, where he entered a hut built as a residence for a watchman to protect the fruit, and where a gun was always left loaded. The moment following, a report of a musket being heard, the domestics rushed to the spot, who discovered their aged master lying lifeless on the earth, the contents of the piece having passed directly through his heart.

M'C.

THE USEFULNESS OF BIOGRAPHY.

"No study," says Johnson, "can be more delightful or more useful than biography—none can more certainly enchain the heart by irresistible interest, or more widely diffuse instruction to every diversity of condition."

This powerful attraction, which biography must hold over the mind, arises chiefly from the peculiar applicability of each trifling incident to the circumstances and condition of the reader; we feel the probability of being ourselves, at some period or other, placed in a position similar to that of the person whose life is treated of, and, therefore, the narrative excites our special and particular attention, inasmuch as whatever approximates more closely to our own interests is calculated to affect us more sensibly. The pleasures and advantages derived from history and biography are of a different kind—history relates the affairs and events of communities; biography the several actions of individuals. History takes a wider and more extended range, and thus furnishes models by which the public conduct of states may be shaped; biography a narrower and more minute one, and thus affords a standard whereby to regulate the affairs of private men. History tells us of Alexander, as the mighty hero of Macedon, who marched over the extensive plains of Asia, overcame Darius in several engagements, rendered all nations subject to his power, till he had no more countries to subdue, and till the sea alone was able to set boundaries to his conquests; biography more clearly represents him as a man united to us by the common ties of humanity, influenced by the same passions, acting upon the same motives, subject to the same infirmities, and performing all his achievements by the same instruments as ourselves. In the Alexander of history we see the monarch, decked out in his royal vestments, and strutting along proudly upon the vast theatre of the world; in the Alexander of biography we see him behind the curtain, the sparkling of the diadem is gone, the majesty of the sceptre is removed, and he walks along, as one of ourselves, unadorned by the adventitious splendour of attire, or unaided by the accessory exaltation of the dramatic buskin, which tended to magnify him in our view. This characteristic peculiarity of biography arises necessarily from the contractedness of its sphere—in proportion as the variety of topics on which it has to touch are less numerous, so the accuracy with which it can treat of those which it does allude to is the more minute; in history our minds are distracted by the multiplicity of events, and the diversity of characters that are brought before us—we hurry over sieges and battles, the variations of governments and the demolition of states, and thus have not time to stop and examine the separate characters of individual men, which are the chief subjects upon which biography dilates; just as in gazing over a wide extent of country, when the eye can see no limits, the very boundlessness of the prospect prevents us from at once remarking the beauty or deformity of some particular sub-divisions, so, amid the generalities of history, we are unable to analyze complex relations, and though we may draw from them useful lessons, as to the working of governments and the philosophy of states, yet we cannot with facility discover that minute individuality of character by which men are distinguished from one another. History, in fact, is the

mine stored with a number of precious gems, but their very variety prevents us from carefully examining the intrinsic value of each. Yet, after all, the intellectual advantages resulting from biography are not to be supposed greater than those resulting from history; if either was to be taken exclusively, no doubt history should be preferred, inasmuch as it gives a more varied and diversified store of general information, and thus affords a greater scope for the exercise of the mental powers, in examining the connection between cause and effect, on a large and extended scale; but biography is chiefly valuable as a supplementary source of pleasure and improvement, where we are not lost amid a multitudinous array of circumstances, but where we can, at leisure, retire from the noise and bustle of public transactions, to view the more minute and perfect development of human character, and the remoter springs of human action, when uninfluenced by the voice of crowds, or unagitated by the tumults of passion.

W.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

There is nothing which stands so much in need of restraint, and upon which, unfortunately, restraint is so seldom imposed, as the inordinate desires of the human heart. With justice may that heart be likened to the fabled vessel of the Danaids, which, though every effort was used to fill it, stood continually dry; for, satiate all its appetites, gratify its every wish, something will still be wanting—it will still be craving more.

The folly of indulging in immoderate desires may be simply exemplified by the consideration, that if our wishes (as is frequently the case) are unattainable, nothing can be more absurd than to form them; and again, if they are easily attainable, what pledge or what surety have we that gratification would result from their accomplishment? Do we not know from experience that enjoyment begets satiety, satiety disgust? We have read that Alexander, after triumphing over the whole habitable world, shed tears because there remained no new worlds for him to conquer. And, in like manner, though our wishes needed but to be expressed to be gratified—though the objects of our desires waited on our nod—yet would we go on to the end of the chapter, forming new and artificial appetites when the old ones were appeased, and find ourselves at last a miserable prey to discontent and dissatisfaction. But, besides folly, there is also impiety in yielding to our immoderate desires: though we have not the power, yet have we the wish to disturb the settled order of nature's laws; and, indulging the cravings of our diseased imaginations, we would presume even to direct the hand of Providence to the accomplishment of our mad ambition.

Let us then check this vice, when alone it can be checked, namely, in its infancy; and let each of us, looking upon this world with the eyes of a Seneca, use those memorable words which dropped from his lips at Athens, when, turning from it in disgust, he said—"How many things are here which I do not want!"

B.

THE GARDEN ROSE.

A garden rose was seen to droop down from its tender stalk,
By a little child, that playfully was sporting on the walk;
The child admired its beautiful hue, and as he gazed he thought,
He'd like to have the lovely thing, 'twas with such fragrance fraught.

He drew him near, 'twas blushing with maturity of bloom,
And all the air was laden with the sweets of its perfume;
He plucked it—with a sudden cry he cast the flower away,
For, closely hid beneath its leaves, a piercing thorn lay.

The rose was scattered on the ground, its loveliness was gone,
The little child was crying now at what the thorn had done.
Weep not, fair child, nor deem it strange, for older ones than thou

Have often felt the secret thorn, that thus has hurt thee now.

Look life throughout, its pleasures thus are pleasing to the view,
But, like the rose, a thorn is couched beneath their lovely hue;
Then weep not, weep not, little child, that thus thy hand is torn,
The honey bee still bears a sting, the fairest rose a thorn.

W.